

BLOOD HIGH GRADE BULLS
(and two three year old)
Pure Blooded Bulls,
the Alderney Breed: also one pure blue-
DURHAM BULL,
fourteen months old, and a pair of
Chester County Shoats,
10 months old, direct from Pennsylvania.
Desiring to close out my business I will sell all
stock on very reasonable terms.
M. CULBERTSON.
NOTICE.—Having sold out my livery business,
satisfactorily acknowledge past favors of my friends
patrons, and hope they will save themselves
any unnecessary trouble in the settlement
of accounts. J. W. M. CULBERTSON.
2nd & 4th

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

A negro in East Maysville has a pig with six legs.

February came in yesterday looking spring-like and beautiful.

More "New Music"—a little nearer home this time—a ten pound girl.

The farmers, in view of the pleasant weather, have gone to breaking up the ground.

In Town.—Mr. L. A. Welch appeared in the city on yesterday looking not much the worse for his accident.

The Observer & Reporter claims that Lexington gave birth to velocipedes fifty years ago.

The frosts and moist weather have caused the hillsides to slip down in several places along our Southern line.

Bell.—A superb bell for the new Presbyterian church in the 5th ward, has been ordered and will shortly arrive.

We are obliged to the Hon. Jas. M. Alexander, for Biographical sketches of Governors Helm & Powell.

Read O'Hara's fine poem on our first page today. It is pronounced the finest ever written by a Kentuckian.

The Street commissioner has a fine chance now to show his genius. The mud prevails in every avenue of the city.

There are only eight men and two women at the city boarding house, all awaiting the convention of the Circuit Court in April.

In the cayenne pepper case, Mayor Coons fined one of the parties ten dollars and costs, making the frolic rather an expensive one.

An alarm of fire yesterday evening a few minutes before the burning of Mr. Gilmore's house, was caused by the burning out of a chimney at the Alma House.

A valuable horse belonging to Chas. Phister, Esq., of this place, died last night from some unknown cause, and his bones were deposited this morning in the bosom of the Ohio.

The City Council has provided the Mayor's office with a very handsome piece of furniture in which to preserve the books and records of the city.

All the distilleries in this section are running to their fullest capacity. One large establishment claims a general yield of four gallons to the bushel.

P. B. Vandlen & Co. have advice of a shipment of fifty hogsheads of best New Orleans sugar to their house. These gentlemen are supplying a very heavy up-country demand.

Messrs. H. F. and T. F. Johnson sold the remnant of the late Abner Johnson farm, near Mayfield, last week to acquire Dye, for \$100 per acre. The tract embraces 50 acres.

PALMER'S VIOLET COSMETIC LOTION is the sovereign balm for the smallest pimple on the face, as well as the most distressing cutaneous disease that can afflict any part of the person.

The season for making hot beds and planting some kinds of seeds is at hand. Wood & Bro. have all Landreth seeds in bulk. They have put up so far 50,000 papers for the retail trade.

J. W. Ross was before the Mayor on yesterday charged with vending in the Market House without license. Upon taking out the necessary papers and paying the fees he was excused the fine.

We were visited by quite a wind storm yesterday evening. A locust tree which had stood the blasts of nearly a century, went down before it. It struck on the roof of Dr. Pratt's property, doing, however, but little injury.

Old uncle Zed Moore, as he was familiarly styled, the Ole Ball of Kentucky violinist, is dead. He was jovial and social, clever and agreeable and one of the Maryland gentlemen of the old time.

We have seen a beautiful design for the new Masonic Temple to be erected in Mt. Sterling. It was drawn by Mr. M. J. Chase, of the firm of Chase, Dimmitt & Collins, in this city.

Read an interesting letter from the editor in today's paper. He appears quite easy and unconscious of the many troubles we are bringing upon him. We advise him to return to a walking arsenal.

The interior of the new Presbyterian Church in the Fifth ward will be handsome than any in the city. All the windows will be of beautiful stained glass, and the lights for one window alone with cost about \$200.

The business of the Adam's Express Company in this city for the past year has increased more than two fold. This is a significant fact worth mentioning. A regular line has been established to Flemingsburg.

A proposal to have the corporate lines of this city extended in an easterly direction so as to take in several valuable building tracts, is being debated and will probably be sent to the Legislature in a short time.

The Louisville Democrat predicts a freshet in the Ohio this spring. It must certainly base its calculation on future falling weather. At present the river is low, with very little snow in the mountains.

The editor must have gotten a jacking of the many troubles which await his arrival, as he is still absent. We fear very much we will have all the fighting to do ourselves, and we only contracted to do the writing.

The Gordon press is said to have intellect. It approaches the intellect as nearly as any machine we ever saw. It gets off little jobs with bicycle speed, and in the hands of our special jobber has no superior anywhere.

Supper.—This night, Tuesday, three weeks hence, the ladies of the 5th ward, intend giving an elegant supper at the new church for the benefit of that excellent institution. We expect to be present.

Meanness.—Some despicable rogue broke into, and robbed the meat house of Mrs. Jas. Artus, a widow lady living on the hill near this city. Mrs. Artus is one of our oldest and most respected citizens.

Sick.—Mr. Hiram T. Pearce, of the firm of Pearce, Wallingford & Co., and the President of our Railroad Directory, has been confined to his bed by sickness for the past week. He is reported better this morning.

A negro man calling himself William P. Russell, arrested some time ago for stealing a watch valued at \$270 from a New York lawyer, on board the steamer W. F. Curtis, is still in jail at this place. He will probably be removed to Lewis county for trial. The watch was found in his sock.

Meeting.—There will be a meeting of those interested in building a turnpike over the old Nicholas mill road, at the Court House, in this city, on Saturday next, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

At the matinee last Friday, quite a sensation was created by the cry of fire. The hall was densely crowded, with only one small door through which the audience could retire. Luckily there was nobody hurt.

Sent to Jail.—James Allen, colored, was sent to jail on yesterday morning for appropriating a \$5 greenback belonging to Mr. Wm. Wirtz, of this city. He shed copious tears upon being placed in the hands of the marshal.

There is a decided sensation at Mullins & Hunt's. They have marked down their goods fearfully low. The ladies are going in crowds and "There is no danger in defying them to as of without buying."

Cheap Tables.—Read the advertisement of Mullins & Hunt, in this issue. These gentlemen are selling so far below, even the anti-bellum prices, that the poorest family in the city can afford to supply themselves with many desirable articles.

Maysville makes better cotton twine and rope than any other city in the West, better cotton yarns, better cigars, better flour, better plows, better whisky, better engines, better job work and better looking babies—and more of them.

The Carlisle and Maysville railroad question is still agitated.—Lex. Obs. We should rather think it was, and when we offer to send you 1,000,000 bushels of coal winter at 15 cents you'll be agitated too.

Velocipedes.—The people everywhere are going crazy on the subject of velocipedes. All the boys and half the gray-headed men in this city have expressed a wish to have them. Allen & Burrows are going extensively into the manufacture of Bicycles at once.

Sally Jones, a stout healthy looking white woman, is inquiring at "Castle Grant," where she will probably remain during the spring. She is charged with having stolen some shoes and dry goods from Mr. Charles Collins in Washington.

Several buildings in Mt. Sterling, (one of which is the new Christian Church, have been lighted with gas, from machines furnished by Marcia A. Finch, formerly an enterprising citizen of this place, now living in Louisville.

A city visit, in view of the consolidation of the Courier-Journal, says the Eagle and Bulletin ought to consolidate and be called the Bull-Eagle, or if this is not done, the Bulletin ought to be called, for modesty's sake, the Cuck-in.

The Gordon press upon which most of our fine small work is executed, is said to be the best in the United States. We run off a thousand letter heads, or small bills, in less time than we could print one hundred by the old process.

A night sharp spell of weather set in on Monday afternoon continued until Wednesday morning. Ice formed on the 5th ward canals about one inch in thickness and the ground was frozen hard. Yesterday the sun came out and exercised a very softening influence.

Mr. James H. Hall, Jr., just returned from New Orleans, made us a visit in our sanctum on yesterday. He gives a flattering account of the increasing demand for plows in the southern market and says his father's factory here will have as much as it can possibly do in that line. He brought us a real Havana.

Two velocipedes have made their appearance in our city. We have not heard of any experts as yet. The machines are at Allen & Burrows' shop on Second street. We understand the Trotting Park Company will offer premiums for velocipedists at their spring meeting.

We call attention of the City Council to a necessity for the appointment of a deputy market master to look after the interests of the Fifth ward market-house. At present it is used as a stock stable, or shelter for cows during the night. The place is so filthy that a lady cannot pass through it.

We are not a judge of the article, but connoisseurs say that the Old Bourbon kept by W. L. Pearce is so pure and good that a man's life may be prolonged even by one drink of it. For medicinal purposes it is everywhere recommended. We intend to get sick shortly just to be able to speak of it advantageously.

"Them Things Agin'."—Mr. Ben. McClannahan said the other day he intended to ride the two wheeled "hoss," or hurt something. Yesterday evening he appeared on Sutton street with his charger, and appeared to be the perfect master of the animal. It is the first Bicycle ever manufactured in this city.

Mr. Stanislaus Mitchell, of this city, has returned from a trip to the far West, where he went with a view to locate, without having made any investment. He does not give a very flattering account of money matters in that direction, so we hope he will conclude to stay here and help us to build the Railroad.

The Cock Fight.—This interesting affair came off on Saturday night at some place in the city of which we are not advised. Maysville and Louisville were the competitors, and Maysville came off first best. It was what the sporting men call a main, having twenty-one cocks on each side. Money changed hands rapidly and in large sums.

The 3 abandoned women locked up last week for vagrancy, had conduct &c., have been discharged by Mr. Grant, commissioner of vagrants, conditioned that they will leave the city and never come back again. This is about the fourth time they have made false promises, but what else can the city do? No body wants to buy them.

New Paper.—Mr. James Smith whose advertisement appears in our paper to-day, is now receiving his spring stock of fine wall papers, and beautiful window shades. Mr. Smith has been for many years a practical paper-hanger and his taste and judgment in these respects cannot be surpassed. He will be glad to show his papers to any persons who desire to overlook them.

The dirt road beginning at James H. Hall's residence and terminating at its intersection with the Mt. Carmel Pike, ought to be macadamized this spring by all means. Perhaps the most beautiful body of land in all the county lies along this road, and from its proximity to the city, certainly the most valuable. The owners of lots and farms on either side of the road ought to agitate the matter and contribute largely towards such an improvement. It is the main thoroughfare to the Trotting Park, and that corporation would find it immensely advantageous.

Hamilton Gray & Co. received, this morning, large invoices of coffee and other heavy groceries. They are receiving full stocks of sugars, syrups, and New Orleans molasses. Their business has been unusually lively for the season, and they anticipate an active spring trade. They report collections fair and money abundantly.

The hemp crop in this county, as in all other hemp growing sections of the State, is said to be better than it has been for several years. The market price is \$160 or at least our dealers have been quoting that much until very lately, but the quotations further west are so much more favorable, that orders have already been sent to St. Louis for a considerable quantity.

Fire.—About 5 o'clock on yesterday evening, the dwelling house of Mr. Hugh Gilmore, on the Fleming pike, near Mr. F. T. Hord, was discovered to be in flames. Our engines were on the scene of disaster as promptly as the great distance and the deep mud would allow, but the fire had gained too much headway and very little service could be rendered. The boys worked with their usual alacrity and deserve great credit. Mr. Gilmore's loss is about \$2,500, including house and furniture. He had insurance for \$1,500.

At a meeting of the Railroad Directory on yesterday, Messrs. Abner Hord and A. K. Marshall resigned their positions to give place to two directors from Nicholas. Messrs. Thompson Parks and Hiram Norton were appointed in their stead. We are not informed as to the further action of the Board, but presume active steps were taken to secure an early commencement of the work. All the members of the Board, as far as we know them, are men of good judgment and progressive spirit. We feel safe with this matter in their hands.

There was a partial eclipse of the moon, beginning at half past seven o'clock, and lasting until about half past nine o'clock, last night. The shadow seemed to cover fully one third the surface of the moon. We took an observation at half-past eight, through a very excellent telescope belonging to D. E. Roberts, Esq., of this city, and saw the whole process very distinctly. Astronomers do not anticipate an eclipse of such magnitude in this section, it being represented that less than one-fourth of the moon's surface would be obscured. Perhaps the new discovery, that the sun is 4,000,000 miles nearer the earth than former calculations claimed it to be, may have something to do with the failure to estimate this correctly.

The Matinee.—We attended the matinee at the Convention on yesterday, and found it so densely crowded that it was almost impossible to obtain a seat. Although the Hall is large and ample accommodations were provided, yet the disposition to stand up whenever the curtain raised, made it unpleasant for persons who happened to be in the rear. We have no room for an extended notice after giving the programme in full, but can say in general terms that the musical, elocutionary, and dramatic performances were fine beyond expression. The Mother Superior has excellent judgment in the arrangement of these affairs, and anything gotten up under her direction could not fail to prove successful.

March of the Andes—by Warren—Pianos, Misses E. Schraag and L. Harrison; Organ, Miss Jennie Nelson; Harp, Miss Aimee Phister; Drum, Miss Nattie Hunt.

Et Incarnatus Est, from Mozart's 12th Mass.—Pianos, Misses E. Schraag and L. Harrison; organ, Miss Jennie Nelson; sung by the choir.

Fire Bell Gallop—Pianos, Miss Mamie Kane and Fannie Boughner.

Star Light Waltz—Piano, Miss E. Stine.

After the Battle—Spoken by Mollie Hall.

Tri-o—Fisher's Hornpipe—Pianos, Misses Eliza and Nattie Hunt and Mollie Hall.

The Moneyless Man—by H. T. Stanton—Spoken by Mollie Donovan.

Lily Dale—Variations by Grobe—Piano, Miss Aimee Phister.

March from Norma—duet by Bargmuller—Pianos, Misses S. Cummings and E. Cove.

Drama—Castle of John St. John.

Men Don't Mean All They Say—Played by Miss A. Gault, and sung by the little girls.

What are the Wild Waves saying?—by B. Richards—Piano, Miss Bettie Young.

Nora O'Neil—Variations by Grobe—Piano, Misses Annie Gault and Maggie Scoufe.

La Montgouille—by Archer—Piano—Miss Lat Daly.

Sounds of Love—Piano—Miss E. Cove.

Echo Horn Chorus—Piano, Miss L. Harrison; sung by the choir.

Life on the Ocean Wave—Variations by Globe—Piano, Miss Anna C. Morgan.

Les Trios Amateurs—Piano, Misses L. Daly, A. Gault, and Agnes Smith.

Too Late; by Tennyson—Piano, Miss E. Schraag; sung by Miss Maggie Scoufe.

Silvery Wave; by A. Wyman—Piano, by Miss S. Cummings.

Song of the Captive Greek; by Hobbs—Piano, Miss J. Nelson; sung by Miss A. Smith.

Lucie de Lamermoor; by Cramer—Piano, Misses E. Pratt and S. Cummings.

Lanterned; Trio; by Rossini—Piano, Misses E. Schraag, J. Nelson and A. Smith.

Ah, Dearest Once More Returning—Guitar, Miss A. Smith.

Home, Sweet Home; by Ryan—Piano, Miss E. Young.

Notice.—We intended last week to ask some of our friends to look up copies of a "poster" printed at this office in 1862 in which a bounty of \$50 was offered by the State through Col. R. R. Malby, to soldiers of the 10th Kentucky Cavalry. Some of the members of this organization are anxious to obtain copies with a view of applying to the Legislature for a fulfillment of the contract. We hope the "poster" will be found and sent as speedily as possible to our office. The State ought to stand up to its agreement by all means, and we think it will do so if the case is fairly presented.

An Immense Fortune—Fifty Millions Dollars Unclaimed in Holland—American After It.

A meeting of some twenty of the heirs of Nicholas Albertson, deceased, was on Friday held in the St. Charles Hotel, of this city, by special call, representing some eight or ten States. It appears that there is a large estate in the city of Amsterdam, Holland, in the hands of the Government, of \$50,000,000 or more, of money and city property unclaimed, belonging to this family.

The meeting was organized by calling Derrick Albertson, of New Jersey, to the chair as President, and Dr. F. H. Patton, of Pennsylvania, as Secretary. From the evidence read, this family can clearly trace their origin to Nicholas Albertson, who is supposed to have landed in this country in or about 1730, to whom the estate appears to be coming, he being the only living heir to the then existing estate.

The proceedings of the meeting were energetic and harmonious. Colonel Wm. R. O'Brien, of Pennsylvania, was elected as an agent to look after the estate in Europe. Two thousand dollars was raised, with promise of more, to defray his expenses—all to be ready by the first of February to be lodged in the Exchange Bank of this city, subject to order.

The following gentlemen were appointed a finance committee: Wm. Silverthorn, of Indiana; John A. Patton, of Fayette County, Penn.; James Cooper, of Pennsylvania; Gideon Albertson, of New Jersey; Oliver Silverthorn, of Iowa; Samuel Albertson, of New Jersey, and Robt. C. Albertson, of Pennsylvania.

There appears to be little doubt that this estate is coming to this branch of the Albertsons. They are sanguine of its ultimate recovery, and will proceed at once by their agent to look after it. Their agent will start for Europe in a short time.

Mrs. Elizabeth Patten, residing near Uniontown, Fayette County, mother of Dr. A. Patton, Esq., is the oldest living heir to the above estate, being eighty-five at this time.

Bonbons—Their Manufacture.

Passing out Fourth street the eye of the pedestrian is instinctively attracted to the beautiful show windows of August Pargy. We see there miracles of beauty in the shape of candies, and we long to taste these saccharine goodies. But how few give a thought to the manufacture of those exquisite little delicacies. Let us tell our readers how these choice things are brought into existence. Most bonbons are made by hand; only those which are flat at the bottom are cast in molds. In the hand-made bonbons the sugar paste is rolled into shape by the aid of an instrument formed of a stout piece of wire, one end of which is twisted and the other fixed into a wooden handle. With this the paste is taken out of the caldron and worked into the desired form by manipulation. For bonbons of a particular form, such as those in imitation of various fruits, models are carved in wood. A certain number of these, say from fifty to sixty, are fixed on a narrow strip of wood, and the confectioner takes molds of them in starch. As soon as these molds become dry they are filled with liquid sugar already colored and flavored, after which the drawers are put on one side for four or twenty hours, when the bonbons are ready for sale. Bonbons containing cordials are composed of a mixture of some given liquor and liquid sugar, which is poured into the mold and then placed in a slow oven for the day. Long before they are removed a hard crust has been formed on the outside, which the inside remains in the original liquid state. Bonbons are crystallized by being plunged into a sirup of 113 degrees Fahrenheit. By the time they are dry crystallization is complete and acts as a protection against the atmosphere, allowing the bonbons to be kept for a certain period, though their flavor deteriorates after a short time.

The New York Commercial and Shipping List says: The Erie having been successful in these undertakings, what next? Will it stop at Cincinnati in its Southwest course, while the Pennsylvania Central controls the road on the south side of the Ohio to Louisville, and through that the line to Nashville and the South? This is not probable. Fifteen million dollars will build a road through Kentucky to Tennessee, and secure the shortest possible connection between New York and the South. The Erie managers will not stop at Cincinnati. The question will not be whether we shall have one road to the South, but whether we shall have two; whether the Pennsylvania Central will not vigorously contest the field with the Erie. The next gable may be looked for on the south side of the Ohio River. The prize in that direction is a rich one. It will not be lost sight of. This may be inferred from the fact that a bridge company, backed by the Erie Company is to be formed at once for a railroad bridge between Cincinnati and West Covington.

At the anniversary meeting of the Covington and vicinity Bible Society, on Sunday night, the following officers were elected: John W. Stevenson, President; V. T. Chambers, J. D. Hearne, J. G. Kercher, and James Spilman, Vice Presidents; H. Colville, Secretary; Thos. Bird, Treasurer; W. M. Leathers, James Fisher, Joseph Chambers, M. H. Worrall, J. C. Bick, M. M. Banton, and George Goodhue, managers. Judge Storer and Governor John W. Stevenson, who delivered addresses at the meeting on Sunday evening, were elected life members of the American Bible Society.

On Sunday night George Stansberry attempted to commit suicide at the residence of Robt. Asher, near Lexington, by shooting himself. He placed the muzzle of the pistol against his left breast, but in the effort to pull the trigger depressed the handle to such an extent as to cause the ball to range above the region of the heart, and it passed through the shoulder. The ball went entirely through him and lodged in the wall above his head. The wound is severe but is not considered mortal. Stansberry was arrested in Lexington last week, and was to have had his trial on Monday.

A CORRESPONDENT who has been galled, wants us to say that the parties who advertise to send a music-box that will play eight tunes, for one dollar, send a child's toy that can be purchased anywhere for twenty-five cents; and also the cheap dollar "time-keepers" are only sun-dials, made out of hard wood, with gilded faces.—Commercial.

Her Last Song—Tragic Incident in Connection with the Career of Sontag.

BY MRS. FAIRFIELD.

Fifty years ago to-day, the "Divine Sontag"—Europe's ever accepted Caprice (Lyric) and veritable *La Diva*—stood upon the borders of *La Scala*. It was a night of wondrous triumph for the Milanese, for long had the battle raged and desperate between the triple operatic powers of Rome, Naples, and Milan, ere the palm of victory had been awarded to the latter.

My professional duties had detained me late (I was a young struggling medical doctor in Milan, at that time), and I entered the theatre, but as the air shook with the wondrous applause elicited by Sontag's rendering of *Ah, Non Crede*, in the *Somnambula*, I was especially disappointed to have missed that aria—to me, the gem of the entire opera. But who could deem himself ill-used, if in time for the *Gainger*, so mentally thankful it was no worse, I made my way to my seat—one, fortunately, very near the stage; and had taken it, was looking to some English friends seated in the boxes adjacent, ere the wild tumult of applause had ceased to deafen my ears, or the floral tributes to be enthusiastically showered at the lady's feet.

One wreath, remarkable for its singular beauty, I remember, composed of some delft-woven, strange, red exotics, caught my gaze as I turned toward the stage, in the act of its descent. An instant more it caught my hand as well; for, unintentionally, in the act of turning, but in hand, the latter struck it, thereby averting it from its original destination, directly into my own grasp. A moment more I stood the center of attraction in my immediate sphere, bending forward with what grace I might, in *propria persona*, offering it to Sontag. The kindly gracious smile with which she received it will probably dwell in my memory as long as I can distinctly recall it. Verily, its remembrance thrills me with a strange sense of pleasure, even upon fifty years' recall.

The graceful figure, in its slender beauty, yet bent before me, the crimson wreath lightly resting against her breast, when a second one, accurately dropped from above, literally crowded her arms as she stood. It was a deft trick, and one which immediately called for the delighted appreciation of the audience.

The building absolutely rocked with the vibration caused by the second burst of sad and ecstatic acclamation.

One old feature of the incident immediately struck me, viz.: That the second wreath upon the prima donna's head was an exact duplicate of the blood-red crown upon her bosom, and which I had presented not an instant before. I had scarcely had time to note this coincidence, and the lady, casting her hurried eyes appreciatively in my direction, was in the act of bowing a second graceful obeisance to the complimentary wreath, raising it as she did so to her lips, when the beautiful face paled suddenly, the limbs contracted sharply, and she fell writhing in convulsions, almost into the very footlights, at my feet!

In an hour the mystery was out, and all knew that both wreaths were poison! To this day, the music-mad Milanese remember the dreary horror of that night. A week later all Europe learned it, and at this day it is the property of the world. The facts are these: A jealous rival, desirous alike to love and fame, by the peerless favorite, interpolated the role of the Burgias into the opera. Provocatively, with but partial success.

A week later, Sontag, perfectly recovered, sang at the San Carlo, and a month had barely elapsed ere the echoes of *La Scala* again awoke her divine forgiveness.

A sudden case of suicide called me to my bed, immediately upon my retirement, the night of the "Floral Murder," as we of Milan dubbed the abortive catastrophe. My patient was a young and beautiful woman—a singer—one of Milan's favorites prior to the arrival of the present idol. Its cause, a dual enmity and malice rooted in maddening jealousy.

By a marvelous interposition, death was not the immediate result; my patient lingered on for hours—my days—three and even four in number—actually passed in life for a woman literally *stabbed through the heart*.

I had of course forbidden the least possible excitement. Life of course was utterly hopeless, his life should be saved as long, I determined, as human skill could find the vital spark. All Milan, professional, was in attendance, but I, having received the earliest call, was considered the ruling medical power. It was on the afternoon of the fourth day, and I was hurrying from other calls back into this wondrous patient's room, that I was arrested by such strains of entrancing melody, that with my hand upon the door-knob, in the act of hurrying out, I paused to listen.

"Oh! it is the glorious *Divina*," was my first thought. "Thank God she is able to feel like singing." A friend passing at that moment (for I roomed in, the same hotel with both prima donnas), drawn from his sofa like myself into the corridor by the concord of these wondrous sweet sounds, nodded back appreciation, recognition.

"Of course it is Sontag!" I scarcely doubtfully questioned.

"No, that is the strangest part of it. Mad Sontag is listening with the rest, perfectly entranced, within the corridor."

"What?" I amazingly answered—and with the word springing into the hall. Once out there, one glance told me all—the crowd was gathering around the door of my dying patient's room, and it was from that door that this world of melody was pouring.

In an instant I was beside her, about to forcibly prevent the certain death if possible, but I saw that I was already too late. A strange smile lit up her wasted face, and the large eyes kindled into an unearthly transient glow of life as they met mine; then pointing to a tiny envelope upon the table beside her, with one loud triumphant burst of inexpressible melody—she raised herself suddenly to her full height in bed, stretched forth her arms wildly, and with a choking, gurgling rattle of the throat, fell forward upon her face, literally deluged in her own life-blood.

The note, directed simply to "*Il Duca*," contained these words, in a slender, Italian hand:

"Doctor, you say I cannot live—and I know it. My prayer is for one more song in life—and that she may hear it—I pay the price knowingly—and only too willingly—Life for a single song."

She had verily paid it. An examination of the poor girl's efforts showed her to have died in extreme poverty. She might have been wealthy in former times, but her recklessness and sad extravagance have long since passed into a proverb among those who knew her best.

That evening, while watching in the dim twilight of the room wherein she laid, a tall figure of a woman, shrouded to the temples, glided noiselessly beside me. Without a word I felt a pulse pressed into my hand, and an instant after the mystery vanished as noiselessly as a shadow into the echoes of the darkened corridor. A slip of paper, was

twisted in tremulous handwriting about it, on which was written simply:

"In masses, Signor, for her soul." It need not the further glance given by me in my eagerness into the hurried eye of the donor as she tendered it. The delicate nobility of the action spoke with its own power, akin to the many other, and similar which, with their own eloquence the great Prima Donna and *her woman* speaks in the life of Henrietta Sontag.

Mark Twain—He has a Wicked Frank Perpetrated Upon Him.

The Newark Press contains the following exposition of what Mark Twain terms "A Wicked Frank" perpetrated on him during his recent lecturing visit to that city. It is seldom pleasant to sell on one's self, but sometimes it is a sort of relief to a man to make a confession. I wish to unburden my mind now, and yet I must believe that I am moved to do it more because I long to bring censure upon another man than because I desire to pour balm upon my wounded heart. I don't know what balm is, but I believe it is the correct expression to use in this connection—never having seen any balm. You may remember that I lectured in Newark lately for the young gentlemen of the Clayton Society. I did, at any rate. During the afternoon of that day I was talking with one of the young gentlemen just referred to, and he said he had an uncle who, for some cause or other, seemed to have grown permanently bereft of all emotion. And with tears in his eyes, this young man said:

"Oh, if I could only see him laugh once more! Oh, if I could only see him weep!" I was touched. I could never withstand distress. I said:

"Bring him to my lecture. I'll start him for you."

"Oh, if you could but do it! If you could but do it, all our family would bless you forevermore, for he is very dear to us. Oh, my benefactor, can you make him laugh? Can you bring soothing tears to those parched lips?"

I was profoundly moved. I said:

"My son, bring the old party around. I have got some jokes in that lecture that will make him laugh if there is any laugh in him—and if they miss fire, I have got some others that'll make him cry or kill him, one or the other."

Then the young man blessed me, and wept upon my neck, and blew his nose upon my coat-tail, and went after his uncle. He placed him in full view, in the second row of benches that night, and I began on him. I tied him with wild jokes, then with several ones; I dived him with bad jokes and riddled him with good ones; I fired old stale jokes into him, and peppered him fore and aft with red hot new ones; I warmed up to my work, and assaulted him on the right and left, in front and behind; I fumed and sweated, and charged and routed, till I was hoarse and sick, frantic and furious—but I never moved him once.

I never started a smile nor a tear. Never a ghost of a smile, and never a suspicion of moisture! I was astounded. I closed the lecture at last with one despairing shriek—with one wild burst of humor—and hurled a joke of supernatural atrocity full at him. It never phased him! Then I sat down bewildered and exhausted.

The president of the society came up and bathed my head in cold water and said:

"What made you carry on so toward the last?"

I said: "I was trying to make the confounded old fool laugh in the second row."

And he said: "Well, you were wasting your time—because he is deaf and dumb, and as blind as a badger."

Now, was that any way for that old man's nephew to impose on a stranger and an orphan like me? I simply ask you, as a man and a brother,

Jeff Davis in Paris—His Mode of Life.

[From the Gaulois.]

Mr. Jeff. Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States of America, is among us, with his wife, whose health is equal to the hardness of her destiny. He comes to see Paris and seek here a retreat to which he can bring in a week his children, left temporarily in America. Nothing can be more simple than this man, who has experienced, like our fathers of '63, and who, like them, sent suddenly to all points of the Southern States many armies as the French Republic opposed to the coalition in Europe. Jeff. Davis is very thin, but his chest is not hollow, and his body supports an admirable head, joined to broad shoulders by a rather thin neck. His forehead is ample, his hair gray, his contour rather bulging in which are set clear blue eyes, which are very soft, yet observing. His face is thin, his cheeks-bones prominent, and consequently his cheeks appear hollow. The nose is aquiline and like an eagle's beak. His mouth is rather large and indicative of goodness and resolution; his chin prominent. The ensemble of that ascetic face is now a mixture of meditation and indulgence.

Jeff. Davis speaks mildly, and his face expands as he smiles. He is naturally slow in expressing his ideas in our language, which he constantly mixes up with idioms from his own tongue. He is quiet in gesture and in recrimination; but his phrases in the mother tongue are well rounded, concise, and neat. His experience, in the failure, of better or stronger combinations, rendered him less positive? No doubt he always proceeded, in the expression of his ideas, less in an absolute than in a dubious way? It is true, he feels his way in our language.

He has remained true to the principles of slavery, but modified, as he admits. He concedes rights to the negro race which can prove that it is born to enjoy them and made to understand them. He is quiet in gesture and in recrimination; but his phrases in the mother tongue are well rounded, concise, and neat. His experience, in the failure, of better or stronger combinations, rendered him less positive? No doubt he always proceeded, in the expression of his ideas, less in an absolute than in a dubious way? It is true, he feels his way in our language.

Here Jeff. Davis is fully enjoying all the curiosities that Paris affords, which he finds very beautiful, and which he is unceasingly visiting all day. As to his material life, he does not care to live in a hotel, but on a slice of bread and butter and a cup of coffee, and dining on two dishes.

Morally his courage, his views, his strictness, his exquisite propriety, the example of all his devotedness to his self-denials, has good faith to his principles—which he has sacrificed everything—the placidity of an apostle, and the commiseration of a martyr for his enemies, his resignation and serenity—all these have made Jeff Davis a rare and great man—not great that, in the midst of our modern civilization, one cannot come near him without the utmost respect.

Mr. Jeff. Davis dined on New Year's day at the residence of his old representative at Paris, Mr. Sidiell. The dinner was quite private, and Mrs. Davis, in mourning for her mother, was not there.

Citizens of Bourbon county assure us that they can and will raise private subscription \$125,000, or \$150,000 for the road from Carlisle to Paris. Messrs. Alexander and Brent, two leading capitalists of that county, will lead the list by subscribing \$10,000 each. We are glad to hear of this good feeling towards the road, and sincerely hope the result will prove as pleasant as the rumor. The people of the county who voted down the tax last year will unquestionably vote for it now.—*Mayville Eagle.*

This doubtless is true, as a note from Mr. Brent, received too late for publication entire, excuses his past opposition to the road, and suggests that the Legislature be applied to for the issue of the bonds of \$100,000, (\$200,000) bearing eight per cent. payable semi-annually. One-third to be issued, say let of May next, and the remainder in two equal annual installments. The money thus raised by sale of said bonds to be expended between Paris and Carlisle.—*Paris Kenekion.*

Mr. CORBIN, a member of the General Assembly of South Carolina, has introduced into the Senate a curious bill to determine the value of contracts made in Confederate States notes, or their equivalent, during the late rebellion. The bill is elaborately drawn and at great length, and declares that during the months of January and February, 1861, \$1 of the lawful money of the United States (greenbacks) was equal to \$1.05 of Confederate States notes; during the month of March, \$1.06; and so the bill goes on, by regular gradations, till the first of April, 1865, when \$1 lawful money is declared to be worth \$1.45 in Confederate money. Thence to the first day of May there appears to be a worth a fearful decline in the value of rebel money, as on that day the rate is set down in the bill at \$1 for \$83.33.

Monday night, at St. Stephen's, New Brunswick, a recently discharged lunatic from St. John's asylum, named Jones, killed his sister with an axe, and afterward committed suicide by ripping out his bowels, and stabbing himself in the breast. His mother only escaped by fleeing from the room from the room.

The Republicans in the Pennsylvania Legislature have failed to pass the bill for retaining Tax Collector Pein, of Philadelphia, in office until the contest as to the legality of the election of his successor is decided, the Democratic candidate, Mr. Mallory, yesterday took possession of the office.

A fire that occurred at Addison, Steuben county, New York, yesterday morning, burning the cigar store of O. Odell, hardware store of A. G. Crane, and the block occupied by J. M. Brown, dry goods; J. & P. W. Orr, Grocers; Grimes & Jones, Grocers; and H. Reynolds & son, flour and feed store, involved a total loss of \$30,000; insured, \$20,000.

In Quincy, Illinois, yesterday while three men were underneath a car on the track of the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, repairing it, a careless watchman let several cars collide with it. One man named Bonimont was killed. One seriously injured, and Collins was saved by his brother. The switchman has been arrested for gross neglect of duty.

The Whipping-Post.
A white man was whipped at the public whipping-post in Paducah, on last Saturday, for stealing copper. He received six stripes on his bare back with a cowhide, by order of court. Had he been a negro, his punishment would be called a rebel outrage.—*Low. Democrat.*

MOLAR—Messrs. Andy Smethers and Craycraft, of Bath county, passed through our town last week with thirty head of aged mules which they purchased of John Adair, of Indiana. We learn that Mr. Adair is now in our market with 20 head more.—*Clarke Mercury.*

In reply to a letter addressed to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, by DeLong and Harper, distillers, of Warsaw, Kentucky, the Commissioner has decided that the revenue laws make provisions for a reduction of the assessment of the capacity tax against distillers on account of loss of time caused by accidents to machinery.

Tax stockholders of the Hoeking Valley railroad met at Columbus, Ohio, yesterday, and elected the following Board of Directors: Peter Hayden, W. B. Hayden, B. E. Smith, W. Dennison, W. G. Desher, I. Comstock, Isaac Elmore, W. B. Bracks, M. Greene, J. T. Tallmadge, W. A. Neil, C. P. L. Butler, and C. H. Ripley.

The steamer Alva struck on a wreck, on Monday night, six miles below New Orleans, and sunk with a partial cargo of sugar, molasses, rice and oranges. All the passengers, bodies and papers were saved. The boat will probably be raised.

The Lawrence (Mass.) American, in Gen. Banks' district, of the 22d inst., referring to the controversy about Gen. Banks having been ordered to supersede Gen. Grant, says: "It happens personally to know that the official authorized orders are now in the hands of Gen. Grant."

China, Glass and Queensware

R. ALBERT'S

NEW

CHINA PALACE

The Largest and Cheapest Cash Queensware House in the West.

No. 35, Second street North side

MAYSVILLE, KY.

The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and customers that he has on hand the largest and finest stock ever imported in this section, comprising

CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENWARE.

LOOKING GLASSES.

FANCY AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

My new stock having been imported at very low rates, enables me to

Undersell Considerably all Cincinnati

Billis.

Country dealers and housekeepers will save from

FIVE TO TEN PER CENT.

By learning my prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Perfect satisfaction and the price is taken back and the money refunded

TERMS CASH

R. ALBERT'S

GREAT DEPOT OF

Solid Silver, Silver-plated, Albata and

Britannia Ware.

A splendid assortment of cutlery, pitchers, coffee and

teapots, sugar bowls, cream pitchers, molasses

cans, spittoons, mugs, candlesticks,

spoons, forks, knives, ladies'

tea sets, commodes

sets, ice pitchers,

cups, cake, bread and

300 Coal Oil Lamps and Chandeliers,

or chandeliers, parlors, bedrooms, hall and kitchen

Chinaware, glass, parafin shades, wicks,

turners, and pure coal oil.

100 Pair Flower Vases,

all styles, from thirty cents to twenty-five dollars a

pair. Tea trays and waiters, all styles, size and

quality. Japanese tin and toilet sets, plain and

ornamented; table cutlery, knives and forks;

silver-plated and steel blades, carvers,

steel, etc., with silver, bone,

Indiarubber and wood handles,

all at the

LOWEST CINCINNATI PRICES, FOR

CASH!

R. ALBERT'S China Palace.

R. ALBERT

35 EAST SECOND STREET.

HOUSE

FURNISHING GOODS!

CARPETS:

Brussels, three-ply, two-ply, hemp stair carpets,

carpet lining, floor, stair and table

oilcloths, matting, rugs, door

mats, buggy mats.

A beautiful and large assortment of

WINDOW SHADES AND FIXTURES,

Curtains and curtain goods,

GILT CORNICES,

TABLE AND PIANO COVERS.

BEDSPREADS,

TOWELS AND NAPKINS,

CURTAIN PINS AND HOLDERS,

and an elegant assortment of

French and English Wall Paper

VERY CHEAP FOR CASH.

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES, AND CHAINS

French and American Clocks.

by the single piece at wholesale prices, at

R. ALBERT'S CHINA PALACE.

R. ALBERT,

PIANO DEALER

Second street,

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

STEINWAY & SONS' CHAS. M. STIRFF'S

GROVETTES & CO., and other makes of

Pianos, at a

Reduction of \$25 to \$100

OF Cincinnati prices.

Full seven-octave Pianos, in fine rosewood cases

overstrung scale, guaranteed at \$300, \$325, \$350, \$375,

Extra large, fine eastern grand Pianos, at from

\$400 to \$750.

I will, upon demand, order and furnish Pianos

from any other manufacturer whiter, at the above

great reduction in prices.

Second hand Pianos for sale, rent, and taken in ex-

change. All piano rents

Invariably

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Do not buy third and fourth rate Pianos, at high

prices, from irresponsible persons. If you can get a

good instrument, well warranted, for less money.

WAREHOOM

AT THE

CHINA PALACE.

2nd St. SECOND STREET.

Hardware.

TO MERCHANTS AND CONSUMERS.

HARDWARE,

CUTLERY, SADDLERY,

DOUBLE AND SINGLE SHOT GUNS,

AMMUNITION, (all kinds.)

Rifles and Pistols.

Our stock of

COACH TRIMMINGS, COACH WOOD-

WORK, SPRINGS AND AXLES,

AND SADDLERY,

is now full and complete. We invite any persons

wanting any goods in the above line, to give us a

call and examine goods and prices. We are deter-

mined to sell goods as low as any house in the West.

TERMS CASH. OWENS & BARKLEY.

TO MERCHANTS.

BOOTS, SHOES, AND HATS.

(Direct from the Factories.)

We have just received the

LARGEST STOCK

of Boots, Shoes and Hats, ever before in this mar-

ket. All our goods are from the VERY BEST

NEW ENGLAND FACTORIES.

Cuba and Clinton's best Boots.

Allen & Fogg's Boots & Brogans.

Beaumont's Boots and Brogans.

A. J. White's celebrated Women's and Children's

Shoes.

Francis Dane's celebrated Women's and Child-

ren's Shoes and Brogans.

John Hart & Co.'s celebrated Women's and Child-

ren's Shoes and Brogans.

Kinball's celebrated Women's and Misses' Shoes

And all other A. 1 brands of calf, kip and morocco

shoes.

Hats.

Our Hat stock is large, comprising Fur, Brush,

and Men's and Boys' Wool Hats, made to order.

TERMS CASH. OWENS & BARKLEY.

Planning Mill.

M. J. CHASE.

(of the late firm of Manker, Chase & Co., of Ripley,

Ohio.)

E. DIMMITT. H. H. COLLINS.

KENTUCKY

Planing and Flooring Mill,

Doors, Sash and Blind

FACTORY.

A splendid assortment of cutlery, pitchers, coffee and

teapots, sugar bowls, cream pitchers, molasses

cans, spittoons, mugs, candlesticks,

spoons, forks, knives, ladies'

tea sets, commodes

sets, ice pitchers,

cups, cake, bread and

300 Coal Oil Lamps and Chandeliers,

or chandeliers, parlors, bedrooms, hall and kitchen

Chinaware, glass, parafin shades, wicks,

turners, and pure coal oil.

100 Pair Flower Vases,

all styles, from thirty cents to twenty-five dollars a

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WAREHOOM

AT THE

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Grocery and Commission Merchants

NEW FIRM.

HAMILTON GRAY & Co.,

(SUCCESSORS TO E. GRAY.)

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Liquors, Wines, Brandies, &c.,

Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies,

Corner Second and Sutton Streets,

MAYSVILLE, KY.

We are now receiving from

New York and other eastern

ports the following supply of

fresh family groceries, pur-

chased at the lowest net cash

prices, and now offer

them to merchants

and consumers at

discounted quotations.

New Orleans

crushed, pulverized, Rio,

fine and Leguerra coffees,

mackerel in barrels, half bar-

rels and tins, blue green and black

fine cut chewing tobacco, sum-

mer, oiled and star candles, German

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